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Just to Fit in

by Stephen Clark

Scared people, unhappy people, confused people, do a lot of strange things, just to fit in.

Men conquer women, women seduce men, and this is what we do, just to fit in.

Women have sex with men they don't know, they wear revealing and tight clothes, just to fit in.

They get breast implants, facelifts, tummy tucks and Botox injects, just to be complete.

Men aspire to attain success monetarily;

They believe that a bigger house and faster car will really set them free.

The powers that be, have planted the seeds, of selfishness, avarice and greed.

The children of men give up necessity, to chase a life above their means.

In this race, the rats choose to pursue the cheese,

They forgo their souls and surrender their dreams,

To utter such travesties I've seen, laws befouled and dark places I've been.

It seems as if man would commit any sin,

That would bring him much wealth or help him fit in.

I don't need society's approval, disown me,

Label me the outcast, but I'm my own me.

For I am aware, and I see, this wretched and selfish society,

That none are able to comprehend,

But yet we all strive, just to fit in.